

ARE WE TO BE SANDWICHED AND FOOLED AGAIN?



CHICKAMAUGA.

Personal Recollections of One of the
Hardest Fought Battles of the
War of the Rebellion.

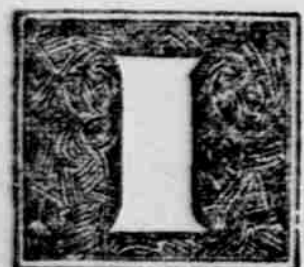
GOING IT LIGHT.

The Entire Baggage of the Bri-
gade Consisting of Camp-
kettles, Frying-pans
and Coffee-pots.

SINGING HIS REQUIEM.

The Gallant Defense Made by
a Very Few Men at the
Celebrated Widow
Glenn's House.

BY CAPT. C. E. BELKNAP, 21ST MICH., GRAND
RAPIDS, MICH.



It is not my intention
to write of the battle
of Chickamauga more
than to give my in-
dividual experience.
It is a true saying
that no two men, al-
though fighting in
the same regiment, saw a battle from
the same standpoint. Two men, standing in
the same place, looking at the sun, see it in
different colors. Two men, fighting in the
same regiment or company, marching over

the same roads, living on the same food, see
things directly the opposite. One will see
the bright side of every event, the other the
dark side.

I believed it helped my digestion to see
the bright side of every-day life in the army.
I always sought the bright side, not desiring
to spend the short time we have on this side
of the Dark River in growling and fault-
finding. Hence, I saw many happy days in
my army life, as well as many sad days, and
I lend you my eyes, with which you may
look upon a small part of the most stub-
bornly-contested battlefield of the war.

Lytle's Brigade, of Sheridan's Division, to
which my regiment was attached, crossed the
Tennessee River at Bridgeport, Ala.,
going over the mountains into Georgia.

The brigade was composed of the 24th
Wis., 36th and 88th Ill., 21st Mich., and the
11th Ind. battery.

Before leaving Bridgeport, in early Sep-
tember, we were supplied with new clothing
and an extra pair of shoes. The country
through which we passed was mountainous,
and we divided the time in climbing up
these mountains over rocky roads on one
side and tumbling down over equally rocky
roads upon the other side.

On the 17th of September we marched
across a mountain-top down by a long, wind-
ing road to the valley below, and settled
down to a night's rest, as we thought.
Many of the men had fallen asleep when

THE ORDER CAME TO FALL IN.
During all of this campaign, lasting over
five months, our brigade had put up its
tents but once, and that for a few days at
Bridgeport. And there was no time when
the brigade could not march at five minutes'
notice. The frying-pan and tin coffee-pot
were all the china we had to pack up. The
entire brigade might roll down the highest
mountain in the Cumberland range and not
crack a dish. So when the order to "fall in"
came ringing through the camp every man
was ready to move as soon as he was awake,

and I have seen men marching along that
were asleep, incredible as it may seem. We
retraced our steps back up the mountain to
the summit, then along a road on its top
mile after mile until long after midnight;
then filing out into the woods by the side of
the road we lay down to rest, some to sleep.
All that night and part of the next day the
train-guards worked with the mules to get
the trains back up the mountain. We lost
in the movement an entire day. We could
have marched up the valley over gravel
roads to the same point in six hours and
saved much valuable time to the army. As
nearly every man in my company were
Major-Generals in planning campaigns, they
fully cursed and discussed the situation.
Every man knew fully as well as Gen. Rose-
crans that we were going to have a battle
somewhere, and they all knew Chattanooga
was the prize we were after.

At this time I was only a Second Lieuten-
ant. The Captain was in command of the
company. My responsibility was light, and
I found just as much fault as anybody. Yet,
we had no reason to grumble, for we had
the advance and none of the lifting and tug-
ging of the rear brigade, that had the trains
to assist and guard. But let that go. The
night was calm. In the quiet of the woods
one could not believe there was aught but
peace in the world.

In Co. G, my regiment, there was a Ser-
geant named Frank Gitchell, a great, manly
fellow, the idol in his company. I think
there must have been a girl in far-away
Michigan that caused sunny rays of senti-
ment to bless his mind. The boys had
dropped down upon the moss, in the woods,
by the road side, many of them to instant
slumber.

Frank sat with his back to a great tree,



CRAWFISH SPRINGS.

and he sang the songs of his heart. I said
to myself,

"FRANK IS SERENADING HIS GIRL."

He always sang charmingly, but that
night he seemed inspired. Unconsciously
we gathered about him, a half-hundred or
more of rough soldier-boys. As if his eyes
saw nothing but the stars that twinkled
through the leaves of the forest, he sang on
and on, song after song, the sweet refrains
of our home circle echoing through the trees.
The warbles of the night birds, the silent
tears of men who thought of wives and
babies, mothers and sisters, and sweethearts,
no words, only sobs, half-suppressed sighs,
told of the presence of a hundred listeners.
As the first faint rays of the morning sun
lighted the tops of the distant mountains
the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," finish-
ed the serenade, chorused by the bugle
sounding the "reveille." The spell was
broken. The stir of the camp, the little fires
over which cups of coffee were steaming and
pans of bacon were frying. Noble, generous
Comrade Frank Gitchell had sung to us his
own last requiem. He was killed two days
later near the Widow Glenn's house. I do
not see him dead upon the battlefield, but I
do hear him singing in the woods his songs
of love, home and heaven.

That day and far into the night we
marched mile after mile down along the
mountainside and through the valleys, the
roads either beds of stones or dry and dusty,
the water scarce, most of the little creeks
being entirely dry.

Those in advance had set the fences along
the road on fire, and repeatedly we had to
go on the double-quick between the two
rows of smoking or blazing rails. It was fun
for the boys who started the fires, but death
on those who followed after. I was told that
day by an old white man, who lived on the
line of march, that the Confederate caval-
rymen set the fences on fire to annoy us and
delay our march.

That night, after a march of 25 miles, we

camped near a small stream, and next day,
the 19th, we were out early, marching hour
after hour without a halt. The day was
hot, the roads dusty. Along towards noon
we halted for an hour to cook our dinners.
We had a fair supply of food. This was the
last chance we had to get a cup of hot coffee
until the night of the 23d, three days after.
Soon after moving again the advance of the
corps struck the enemy and there was a sort
of running fight for two or three hours.

The sun was well down in the west when
we came in sight of Crawfish Springs. The
pure, sparkling water was the most welcome
sight to my eyes that ever greeted them. I
was suffering agonies for water. We had
been on the double-quick for the past two
miles, hurrying up to the front, where the
fighting was becoming sharp. My mouth
was parched and full of dust. As the head
of the regiment came in sight of the spring it

BROKE LIKE A FLOCK OF SHEEP.
I ran with the rest of the boys down the
hill, threw myself upon my stomach on the
gravelly bank, and thrust my face into the
water. Oh, how good that water was, and
how I love to think of Crawfish Springs.
Straggling shell and bullets were clipping the
leaves over our heads. "Drink, boys,
and close up," was the order. It is a wonder
that the cold, icy water I drank did not kill
me, in my heated condition. But it did not
kill; it saved my life, for I would have
dropped by the wayside soon if we had not
reached the water. In that moment by the
great sparkling spring I received new life.

The brigade in advance was fighting for
right of way. We came in as supports,
moving from place to place, but advancing
slowly all the time. It became dark, and
still the fire kept up, sheets of flame leaping
from the muskets of the combatants. Fi-
nally, a wild charge was made into the
woods. The roar of musketry became con-
tinuous—the woods were aflame with mus-

(Continued on third page.)

HISTORY OF THE CORPS.

THE FIFTEENTH CORPS.

First Operations Against Vicks-
burg—Skirmishes at Chicka-
saw Bayou and As-
sault on Chickasaw
Bluffs.

ARKANSAS POST.



ON the 18th of Decem-
ber, 1862, by direction
of the President, the
troops in the Department
of the Tennessee and
those of the De-
partment of the Mis-
souri operating on the
Mississippi River,
were ordered to be di-
vided into four corps,
to be numbered the
Thirteenth, Maj.-Gen.
John A. McClernand
commanding; Fif-
teenth, Maj.-Gen. W.
T. Sherman command-
ing; Sixteenth,
Maj.-Gen. S. A. Hurl-
but commanding, and
Seventeenth, Maj.-
Gen. James B. Mo-
Pherson commanding.
In pursuance of said order of the President
Gen. Grant on the 23d of December de-
signated Brig.-Gen. Morgan L. Smith's Di-
vision, Brig.-Gen. F. Steele's Division, and
the troops in the District of Memphis as the